UNITARIAN FAITH IN UNITARIAN HYMNS

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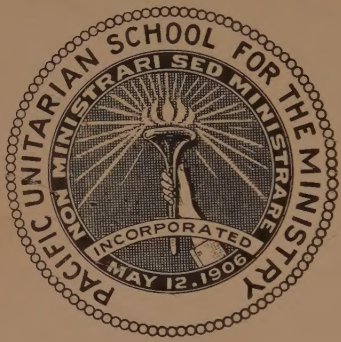

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THE UNITARIAN FAITH IN UNITARIAN HYMNS

COMPILED BY
W. COPELAND BOWIE

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PREFACE

THE preparation of this selection of Hymns was suggested by a small volume recently published by the American Unitarian Association—'The Unitarian Faith set forth in fifty Unitarian Hymns.' In the arrangement of the contents, the authors and hymns selected, and the biographical notes added, the compiler has followed a slightly different method; but apart from the American book, this British selection would probably not have been made.

'F.G.P.' (Professor F. G. Peabody) contributes to the American selection an interesting little essay which English readers will agree makes an admirable introduction, especially as the majority of the hymns are by American authors. He writes:—

'When one would detect among the varied expressions of denominational life the heart of a contemporary religious movement, to what evidence should he turn? He should look not so much to its machinery of organization or abstract statements of belief, but to the religious sentiment itself, as it expresses itself in lyrics of praise and prayer. Some ways of faith hardly admit of being sung at all, and have made no important contribution to the history of Christian verse. Other forms of faith have borne as their flower a special quality of sacred lyrics, with a fragrance of their own. The heart of Methodism is disclosed in the hymns of the Wesleys; the nature of evangelical piety is laid bare in the hymns of Watts and Doddridge; the inner faith of the Moravians is told in their glowing hymns; and in the

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hymns of Keble and Newman is the characteristic note of the Anglican Church.

'Tried, then, by this interior test, what is the spirit of the Unitarian tradition? No one can fail to see that its religious life has uttered itself in a lyric expression of singular freshness and beauty, touching in many moods and keys one dominating note. It is a hymnology of the Spirit, the song of those who rest within the Everlasting Arms. It is not an accident that out of a religious movement which is often held to be sheer rationalism or dissent there has grown the most clearly defined type of religious verse which America has produced. It is not an accident that the lyrics of Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Bryant, and Emerson proceed from lives bred in the rational piety of the Unitarians. And, when we pass from the great masters, what does it mean that from a group of minor poets of the same tradition—there has proceeded a strain of lyric theism whose music penetrates many a church where the doors are closed against the poets? It means that beneath the vigorous rationalism and sincere dissent of the Unitarians there is a deeper movement of religious life, a consciousness of God which none but a poet can utter, a spiritual lineage which unites these modern minds to the great company of witnesses of the real presence—the fellowship of the Church of the Spirit.'

Many people in England still speak and write as if Unitarianism were merely a somewhat hard and rationalistic type of theology, lacking altogether in religious fervour. It is hoped that this small selection of Hymns may assist in removing so mistaken a view,

and will encourage readers to make further study of our rich devotional literature.

Following the selection of Hymns, there is printed a statement of Unitarian Beliefs, which is one of the best modern statements with which the compiler is familiar. The Hymns may be regarded as expositions in verse of these Beliefs. Tunes for the Hymns are indicated.

The Rev. W. G. Tarrant has rendered valuable assistance in the preparation of this little book.

W. C. B.

London, *July* 14, 1918.

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SLOWLY the Bible of the race is writ,
And not on paper leaves nor leaves of stone ;
Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it,
Texts of despair or hope, of joy or moan.

James Russell Lowell.

FAITHFULNESS TO THE TRUTH

Let not mercy and truth forsake thee; write them upon the table of thine heart.—Prov. iii. 3.

Tune No. 572 Bristol.

ONCE to every man and nation
Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood,
For the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah,
Offers each the bloom or blight,
And the choice goes by for ever
'Twixt that darkness and that light.

Then to side with truth is noble,
When we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit,
And 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses,
While the coward stands aside,
Till the multitude make virtue
Of the faith they had denied.

Though the cause of evil prosper,
Yet 'tis Truth alone is strong;
Though her portion be the scaffold,
And upon the throne be Wrong;
Yet that scaffold sways the future,
And, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above his own.

J. R. Lowell.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (b. 1819, d. 1891) was the son of the Rev. Charles Lowell, Unitarian minister, Boston, Mass. Professor at Harvard, Ambassador to Spain, and afterwards to England. American poet, essayist, and statesman; it is said that 'he was never so happy as when he was looking at the world from the poet's mount of vision.'

FAITHFULNESS TO THE TRUTH

Walk while ye have the light, that darkness overtake you not.—John xii. 35.

Tune No. 474 Bristol.

O STAR of Truth, down shining
  Through clouds of doubt and fear,
I ask but 'neath your guidance
  My pathway may appear.
However long the journey,
  How hard soe'er it be,
Though I be lone and weary,
  Lead on, I'll follow thee!

I know thy blessèd radiance
  Can never lead astray,
However ancient custom
  May tread some other way.
E'en if through untrod deserts
  Or over trackless sea,
Though I be lone and weary,
  Lead on, I'll follow thee!

Though loving friends forsake me
  Or plead with me in tears;
Though angry foes may threaten
  To shake my soul with fears;
Still to my high allegiance
  I must not faithless be:
Through life or death, for ever
  Lead on, I'll follow thee!

M. J. Savage.

MINOT JUDSON SAVAGE (b. 1841, d. 1918) was for several years a leading Unitarian minister in Boston and in New York. His volumes of sermons on the theological and religious implications of the theory of Evolution had a large and widespread circulation. One of his best known books in England is 'The Passing and the Permanent in Religion.' He was the author of several well known hymns.

THE IMMANENCE OF GOD

For the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.—2 Cor. iv. 18.

Tune No. 877 Bristol.

FATHER, thy wonders do not singly stand,
Nor far removed where feet have seldom strayed;
Around us ever lies the enchanted land,
In marvels rich to thine own sons displayed.

In finding thee are all things round us found;
In losing thee are all things lost beside;
Ears have we, but in vain sweet voices sound,
And to our eyes the vision is denied.

Open our eyes that we that world may see!
Open our ears that we thy voice may hear!
And in the spirit-land may ever be,
And feel thy presence with us always near:

No more to wander 'mid the things of time,
No more to suffer death or earthly change;
But with the Christian's joy and faith sublime,
Through all thy vast, eternal scenes to range.

Jones Very.

JONES VERY (b. 1813, d. 1880), a graduate of Harvard, was for a brief period a Unitarian minister, but devoted to literature he retired to Salem, Mass., where he was a member of the Unitarian Church. These verses were originally published as a sonnet in his 'Essays and Poems' in 1839, and were afterwards adopted as a hymn for the 'Book of Hymns' issued for the use of Unitarians in 1846. His poems show a fine appreciation of nature, deep religious feeling, and a sane mysticism.

THE IMMANENCE OF GOD

Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me and know my thoughts, and see if there be any way of wickedness in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.—Ps. cxxxix. 23, 24.

Tune No. 65 Bristol.

O GOD, whose presence glows in all
  Within, around us, and above—
Thy word we bless, thy name we call,
  Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love.

That truth be with the heart believed
  Of all who seek this sacred place,
With power proclaimed, in peace received—
  Our spirits' light, thy Spirit's grace.

That love its holy influence pour,
  To keep us meek, and make us free,
And throw its binding blessing more
  Round each with all, and all with thee.

Send down its angel to our side;
  Send in its calm upon the breast;
For we would need no other guide,
  And we can need no other rest.

N. L. Frothingham.

Nathaniel Langdon Frothingham (b. 1793, d. 1870) was Unitarian minister of the First Church in Boston, Mass., where he remained for thirty-five years. He was the author of sermons, articles in periodicals, and hymns. His biography is contained in the volume 'Boston Unitarianism,' written by his son, O. B. Frothingham. His hymns are now in the collections of many denominations. This hymn was written for the ordination of the minister of the Second Unitarian Church, New York, June, 1828.

THE IMMANENCE OF GOD

They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.—Isaiah xl. 31.

Tune No. 222 Bristol.

GRACIOUS Power, the world pervading,
Blessing all, and none upbraiding,
We are met to worship thee;

Not in formal adorations,
Nor with servile deprecations,
But in spirit true and free.

By thy wisdom mind is lighted,
By thy love the heart excited,
Light and love all flow from thee;

And the soul of thought and feeling,
In the voice thy praises pealing,
Must thy noblest homage be.

Not alone in our devotion,
In all being, life, and motion,
We the present Godhead see.

Gracious Power, the world pervading,
Blessing all, and none upbraiding,
We are met to worship thee.

W. J. Fox.

WILLIAM JOHNSON FOX (b. 1786, d. 1864) when a boy worked as a weaver in Norwich; he prepared himself for College, but abandoning orthodoxy he became a Unitarian minister, first at Chichester, then in 1817 in London. South Place Chapel was built for him in 1824, and there he remained until 1852. His eloquent speeches during the Anti-Corn Law struggle led to his election as M.P. for Oldham in 1847. He was a great preacher, orator, writer. His lectures on 'The Religious Ideas' are still 'modern.'

THE IMMANENCE OF GOD

Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.—2 Cor. iii. 17.

Tune No. 119 *Bristol.*

HOLY Spirit, Truth divine,
Dawn upon this soul of mine!
Word of God and inward Light,
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

Holy Spirit, Love divine,
Glow within this heart of mine:
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in thy pure fire.

Holy Spirit, Power divine,
Fill and nerve this will of mine:
By thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear and nobly strive.

Holy Spirit, Right divine,
King within my conscience reign!
Be my law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, for ever free.

Holy Spirit, Peace divine,
Still this restless heart of mine!
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in thy tranquillity.

Holy Spirit, Joy divine,
Gladden thou this heart of mine!
In the desert ways I sing—
'Spring, O Well, for ever spring!'

S. Longfellow.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW (b. 1819, d. 1892), younger brother of the great American poet, studied at Harvard, where he had as classmate Edward Everett Hale. He was an admirer and friend of Theodore Parker. His Unitarian ministry was marked by 'a profound spirituality, interest in children and young people, sympathy with the sorrowing, straightforwardness in dealing with great national sins.' A church was 'a society of men, women, and children associated together by a religious spirit for a religious work.'

THE TRANSCENDENCE OF GOD

The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.—Deut. xxxiii. 27.

Tune No. 892 Bristol.

I CANNOT find thee! Still on restless pinion,
My spirit beats the void where thou dost dwell;
I wander, lost, through all thy vast dominion,
And shrink beneath thy light ineffable.

I cannot find thee! E'en when most adoring
Before thy shrine I bend in lowliest prayer,
Beyond these bounds of thought my thought, upsoaring,
From further quest comes back: thou art not there.

Yet high above the limits of my seeing,
And folded far within the inmost heart,
And deep below the deeps of conscious being,
Thy splendour shineth: there, O God, thou art.

I cannot lose thee! Still in thee abiding,
The end is clear, how wide soe'er I roam;
The law, that holds the worlds, my steps is guiding,
And I must rest at last in thee, my home.

Eliza Scudder.

ELIZA SCUDDER (b. 1821, d. 1896) was born in Boston, and died at Weston, Mass. She was a niece of the Rev. Edmund Hamilton Sears, author of the hymn 'It came upon the midnight clear,' and was doubtless influenced by her uncle, who was a man of deep and tender piety. Miss Scudder was an earnest and devout Unitarian; and her hymns are noble expressions of her faith.

THE TRANSCENDENCE OF GOD

Behold, the kingdom of God is within you.—Luke xvii. 21.

Tune No. 151 Bristol.

'WHERE is your God?' they say:
Answer them, Lord most holy!
Reveal thy secret way
Of visiting the lowly:
Not wrapped in moving cloud,
Or nightly-resting fire;
But veiled within the shroud
Of silent, high desire.

Come not in flashing storm,
Or bursting frown of thunder;
Come in the viewless form
Of wakening love and wonder;—
Of duty grown divine,
The restless spirit still;
Of sorrows taught to shine,
As shadows of thy will.

O God, the pure alone—
E'en in their deep confessing—
Can see thee as their own,
And find the perfect blessing;
Yet to each waiting soul
Speak in thy still, small voice,
Till broken love's made whole,
And saddened hearts rejoice.

J. Martineau.

JAMES MARTINEAU (b. 1805, d. 1900) was the most distinguished philosopher, preacher, and writer among English Unitarians in the nineteenth century. 'The Study of Religion,' 'Types of Ethical Theory,' 'The Seat of Authority in Religion,' 'Endeavours after the Christian Life,' and 'Hours of Thought on Sacred Things' are a few of his great books. He prepared Services for Public Worship, compiled memorable Hymn books, and wrote several hymns.

THE TRANSCENDENCE OF GOD

Tune No. 633 Bristol.

FATHER, in thy mysterious presence kneeling,
Fain would our souls feel all thy kindling love;
For we are weak, and need some deep revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.

Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow,
And thou hast made each step an onward one;
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow—
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy
Abides; and when pain seems to have its will
Or we despair, oh, may that peace rise slowly,
Stronger than agony, and we be still!

Now, Father, now, in thy dear presence kneeling,
Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling love;
Now make us strong, we need thy deep revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.

S. Johnson.

SAMUEL JOHNSON (b. 1822, d. 1882), son of a physician, studied at Harvard, and became a Unitarian minister of a radical and progressive type. Natural and universal religion engrossed his deepest thought. He made a scholarly study of 'Oriental Religions.' 'Hymns of the Spirit,' which was compiled by Samuel Longfellow and himself in 1864, is a noble collection.

THE TRANSCENDENCE OF GOD

When ye pray, say, Father.—Luke xi. 2.

Tune No. 381 Bristol.

THOU Law without, thou Life within,
Whom knowing, I but know in part,
Thou wilt not deem the silence sin
That cannot name thee as thou art.

The elders named thee as they could,
The children lisp what they have heard,
And all we long for, wise and good,
Is pictured in one hallowed word.

Of old my heart hath held it dear,
I listen for its music now,
Again that greatest Name I hear—
Yet greater than all names art thou.

I feel thou knowest all of me,
A child that cannot walk alone;
Oh, guide me till I learn to see
And know at last as I am known.

Thy child indeed, may I begin
To know and love, as ne'er before,
The Law without, the Life within,
Thee, Father, now and evermore.

W. G. Tarrant.

WILLIAM GEORGE TARRANT (b. 1853) was educated at the Unitarian Home Missionary College and Manchester College. He was appointed minister of the Unitarian Church, Wandsworth, London, on leaving College in 1883. He was editor of the *Inquirer* for ten years; he has written many beautiful hymns, short poems, and meditations. He is the author of 'The Story and Significance of the Unitarian Movement.'

THE LOVE OF GOD

The everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary; there is no searching of his understanding. —Isaiah xl. 28.

Tune No. 550 Bristol.

GOD is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens:
God is wisdom, God is love.

Time and change are busy ever,
Man decays and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never:
God is wisdom, God is love.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the mist his brightness streameth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere his glory shineth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

J. Bowring.

SIR JOHN BOWRING (b. 1792, d. 1872) was distinguished as a linguist, a journalist, and a politician. Dr. Lant Carpenter was the guide of his early youth; Jeremy Bentham the admiration of his riper years. He was an ardent Unitarian, and was President of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association 1860-61. His hymns are well known in churches of all denominations, especially, 'In the cross of Christ I glory.'

THE LOVE OF GOD

Tune No. 551 Bristol.

WHEN the light of day is waning,
When the night is dark and drear,
God of Love, in stillness reigning,
Teach me to believe thee near.

When my heart is faint and drooping,
When my faith is weak and cold;
Kindly to my weakness stooping,
Draw me upwards as of old.

Nearer to the peace unbroken,
Nearer to the changeless calm,
All my wish a prayer unspoken,
All my life a silent psalm.

Teach me to abide in patience
All the little storms of time,
Making every day's temptations
Steps for faltering feet to climb.

Let me find thee in my sorrow,
Nor forget thee in my joy;
And from thee my sunshine borrow,
And by thee my gloom destroy.

God of day, the dark dispelling,
Guide, Redeemer, Father, Friend;
God of Love, in stillness dwelling,
Lead me to my journey's end!

E. M. Geldart.

EDMUND MARTIN GELDART (b. 1844, d. 1885) had a brilliant career as a student at Oxford; he passed from the Anglican Church, and became a Unitarian minister in Liverpool, afterwards at Croydon. His sermons were remarkable for their intellectual force and literary charm. His shy, nervous manner prevented many people from perceiving his great gifts of mind and character. This hymn reveals the experience of his own soul.

THE LOVE OF GOD

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.—Psalm xxiii. 6.

Tune No. 368 Bristol.

THOU Grace divine, encircling all,
A shoreless, soundless sea,
Wherein at last our souls must fall,
O Love of God most free!

The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess thy sweet control,
O Love of God most kind!

When over dizzy heights we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes,
The other leads us safe and slow,
O Love of God most wise!

And though we turn us from thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace,
O Love of God most strong!

And filled and quickened by thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin, and fear, and death,
O Love of God, to thee!

Eliza Scudder.

ELIZA SCUDDER (b. 1821, d. 1896) was a native of Boston, U.S.A. She spent a large part of her life at Weston, Mass., where she died. She was deeply attached to her uncle, the Rev. E. H. Sears, author of 'It came upon the midnight clear,' This hymn was written in 1852, and published with the title 'The Love of God' in 'Pictures of the Olden Time,' by Dr. Sears.

THE LOVE OF GOD

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found; call ye upon him while he is near.—Isaiah lv. 6.

Tune No. 368 *Bristol.*

O GOD, whose smile is in the sky
Whose path is in the sea,
Once more from earth's tumultuous strife
We gladly turn to thee.

Now all the myriad sounds of earth
In solemn stillness die;
While wind and wave unite to chant
Their anthems to the sky.

We come as those with toil far spent
Who crave thy rest and peace,
And from the care and fret of life
Would find in thee release.

O Father, soothe all troubled thought,
Dispel all idle fear,
Purge thou each heart of secret sin,
And banish every care;

Until, as shine upon the sea
The silent stars above,
There shines upon our trusting souls
The light of thine own love.

J. H. Holmes.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES (b. 1879) was educated at Harvard and the Divinity School, Cambridge, Mass. He became joint-minister with Robert Collyer of the principal Unitarian Church in New York, in 1907. He is an able writer and an eloquent preacher. Mr. Holmes is the author of the 'Life and Letters of Robert Collyer,' published in 1917. During the great European war, Mr. Holmes was a leading exponent in America of what is usually described as 'Pacifism.'

THE LOVE OF GOD

The Lord God is a Sun and a Shield.—Psalm lxxxiv. 11.

Tune No. 383 Bristol.

LORD of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star ·
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near !

Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day ;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn ;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn ;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign ;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.

Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is Truth, whose warmth is Love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

O. W. Holmes.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES (b. 1809, d. 1894) was the son of the Rev. Abiel Holmes, Unitarian minister at Cambridge, Mass. He was educated at Harvard, studied law, then medicine, and was appointed Professor of Anatomy. 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,' containing the above hymn, was published in 1859. Humorist, novelist, essayist, poet, 'he heartily believed in human happiness, and he did much to make it more abound.' He was a regular worshipper at King's Chapel (Unitarian), Boston.

INSPIRATION AND REVELATION

Lo, this hath touched thy lips.—Isaiah vi. 7.

Tune No. 79 Bristol.

MYSTERIOUS Presence, Source of all,
The world without, the world within,
Fountain of life, O hear our call,
And pour thy living waters in.

Thou breathest in the rushing wind,
Thy spirit stirs in leaf and flower;
Nor wilt thou from the willing mind
Withhold thy light and love and power.

Thy hand unseen to accents clear
Awoke the psalmist's trembling lyre,
And touched the lips of holy seer
With flame from thine own altar fire.

That touch divine still, Lord, impart,
Still give the prophet's burning word;
And vocal in each waiting heart
Let living psalms of praise be heard.

S. C. Beach.

SETH CURTIS BEACH (b. 1837) graduated from Harvard in 1866. He has served as minister of the Unitarian churches in Dedham, Augusta, and Bangor. This hymn was written in 1866 for Visitation Day at the Harvard Divinity School. His hymns voice the freedom of thought and reverence of heart and soul which characterize the best type of modern Unitarianism. See also the hymn beginning 'Thou One in all.'

INSPIRATION AND REVELATION

Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he shall dwell with them, and they shall be his people.—REVELATION xxi. 3.

Tune No. 366 Bristol.

FROM age to age how grandly rise
The prophet souls in line!
Above the passing centuries
Like beacon-lights they shine.

Through differing accents of the lip
One message they proclaim,
One growing bond of fellowship,
Above all names one Name.

They witness to one heritage,
One Spirit's quickening breath,
One widening reign, from age to age,
Of freedom and of faith.

Their kindling power our souls confess;
Though dead they speak to-day:
How great the cloud of witnesses
Encompassing our way!

Through every race, in every clime,
One song shall yet be heard:
Move onward in thy course sublime,
O everlasting Word! *F. L. Hosmer.*

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER (b. 1840) was educated at Harvard and the Divinity School, Cambridge, Mass. He has been the minister of Unitarian churches in Cleveland, St. Louis, and Berkeley, U.S.A. He has written a great many noble and beautiful hymns, which give expression to the principles and religious faith of Unitarians; and of that universal church of the good and true of all ages and lands to which Unitarians have always owed allegiance.

If God doth so clothe the grass of the field.—Matt. vi. 30.

Tune No. 551 *Bristol.*

LONG ago the lilies faded
Which to Jesus seemed so fair,
But the love that bade them blossom
Still is working everywhere.

On the moors and in the valleys,
By the streams we love so well,
There is greater glory blooming
Than the tongue of man can tell.

Long ago in sacred silence
Died the accents of his prayer;
Still the souls that seek the Father
Find his presence everywhere.

In the multitude adoring,
In the chamber sad and lone,
He is there to help and comfort,
As they pray, 'Thy will be done!'

Let us seek him, still believing
He that worketh round us yet,
Clothing lilies in the meadows,
Will his children ne'er forget.

W. G. Tarrant.

WILLIAM GEORGE TARRANT (b. 1853) was educated at the Unitarian Home Missionary College and Manchester College. He was appointed minister of the Unitarian Church, Wandsworth, London, on leaving College in 1883. He was editor of the *Inquirer* for ten years; he has written many beautiful hymns, short poems, and meditations. He is the author of 'The Story and Significance of the Unitarian Movement.'

GOD IN NATURE

Did not our heart burn within us while he talked with us by the way ?—Luke xxiv. 32.

Tune No. 81 *Bristol.*

HATH not thy heart within thee burned
At evening's calm and holy hour,
As if its inmost depths discerned
The presence of a loftier power ?

Hast thou not heard 'mid forest glades,
While ancient rivers murmured by,
A voice from forth the eternal shades,
That spake a present Deity ?

And, as upon some storied page
Thine eye in rapt attention turned
O'er records of a holier age,
Hath not thy heart within thee burned ?

It was the voice of God that spake
In silence to thy silent heart ;
And bade each worthier thought awake,
And every dream of earth depart.

Voice of our God, O yet be near ;
In low, sweet accents whisper peace ;
Direct us on our pathway here,
Then bid in heaven our wanderings cease.

S. G. Bulfinch.

STEPHEN GREENLEAF BULFINCH (b. 1809, d. 1870) was the son of a leading architect who designed the State House in Boston and the National Capitol at Washington. He studied at Harvard, and was the minister of Unitarian churches from 1831 to 1865. He was a man of beautiful spirit, a diligent student and writer. His hymns became very popular in America, though only five copies were sold of the little volume issued in 1834. This hymn was published in 1845.

GOD IN NATURE

O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all.—Ps. civ. 24.

Tune No. 398 Bristol.

GOD of the earth, the sky, the sea,
Maker of all above, below,
Creation lives and moves in thee,
Thy present life through all doth flow.

Thy love is in the sunshine's glow,
Thy life is in the quickening air;
When lightnings flash and storm-winds blow
There is thy power; thy law is there.

We feel thy calm at evening's hour,
Thy grandeur in the march of night;
And, when the morning breaks in power,
We hear thy word, 'Let there be light.'

But higher far, and far more clear,
Thee in man's spirit we behold;
Thine image and thyself are there—
The Indwelling God, proclaimed of old.

S. Longfellow.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW (b. 1819, d. 1892).

[See Biographical Note on page 6.]

WILLIAM CHANNING GANNETT (b. 1840), son of the Rev. Ezra Stiles Gannett, minister of the Arlington Street Unitarian Church, Boston, Mass., was educated at Harvard. He has been Unitarian minister at St. Paul, Minn., Hinsdale, Ill., Rochester, N.Y., of which he is still Pastor Emeritus. He has written essays and hymns which combine the freest thinking with the deepest reverence. His book on 'The Childhood of Jesus' is well known in England.

GOD IN NATURE

Consider the lilies how they grow.—Luke xii. 27.

Tune No. 159 Bristol.

HE hides within the lily,
A strong and tender care,
That wins the earth-born atoms
To glory of the air;
He weaves the shining garments
Unceasingly and still,
Along the quiet waters,
In niches of the hill.

We linger at the vigil
With him who bent the knee
To watch the old-time lilies
In distant Galilee;
And still the worship deepens
And quickens into new,
As, brightening down the ages,
God's secret thrilleth through.

O Toiler of the lily,
Thy touch is in the man!
No leaf that dawns to petal
But hints the angel-plan.
The flower horizons open,
The blossom vaster shows,
We hear thy wide world's echo—
See how the lily grows!

Shy yearnings of the savage,
Unfolding thought by thought,
To holy lives are lifted,
To visions fair are wrought;
The races rise and cluster,
And evils fade and fall,
Till chaos blooms to beauty,
Thy purpose crowning all!

W. C. Gannett.

[See Biographical Note on opposite page.]

Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness; and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace.—Eph. vi. 14, 15.

Tune No. 397 Bristol.

THOU One in all, thou All in one,
Source of the grace that crowns our days,
For all thy gifts 'neath cloud or sun,
We lift to thee our grateful praise.

We bless thee for the life that flows,
A pulse in every grain of sand,
A beauty in the blushing rose,
A thought and deed in brain and hand.

For life that thou hast made a joy,
For strength to make our lives like thine,
For duties that our hands employ—
We bring our offerings to thy shrine.

Be thine to give and ours to own
The truth that sets thy children free,
The law that binds us to thy throne,
The love that makes us one with thee.

S. C. Beach.

SETH CURTIS BEACH (b. 1837) graduated from Harvard in 1866. He has served as minister of the Unitarian churches in Dedham, Augusta, and Bangor. This hymn was written in 1866 for Visitation Day at the Harvard Divinity School. His hymns voice the freedom of thought and reverence of heart and soul which characterize the best type of modern Unitarianism. See also the hymn beginning 'Mysterious Presence, Source of all.'

GOD IN HUMANITY

The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God; and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ.—Romans viii. 16, 17.

Tune No. 115 *Bristol.*

WHAT is this that stirs within,
Loving goodness, hating sin,
Always craving to be blest,
Finding here below no rest?

What is it? And whither, whence
This unsleeping, secret sense,
Longing for its rest and food
In some hidden, untried good?

'Tis the Soul—mysterious name;
Him it seeks from whom it came.
While I muse, I feel the fire
Burning on, and mounting higher:

Onward, upward, to thy throne,
O thou Infinite, Unknown,
Still it presseth, till it see
Thee in all, and all in thee.

W. H. Furness.

WILLIAM HENRY FURNESS (b. 1802, d. 1896) studied at Harvard; soon after leaving College he settled as Unitarian minister at Philadelphia, where he had sole charge for fifty years. He delighted in his sermons to unfold the moral grandeur and spiritual beauty of Jesus. He was one of the earliest and most outspoken of the friends of the slaves. This hymn was published along with five others in a volume entitled 'Domestic Worship,' in 1850. One of the most beautiful of our Evening Hymns is by Dr. Furness: 'Slowly, by thy hand unfurled,'

Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name.—Psalm ciii. 1.

All things are yours.—1 Cor. iii. 21.

Tune No. 28 Bristol.

LIE open, Soul! Around thee press
  A thousand things divine;
All glory and all holiness
  Are waiting to be thine.

Lie open, Soul! Be swift to catch
  Each glory ere it flies;
Life's hours are charged, to those that watch,
  With heavenly messages.

Lie open, Soul! The Beautiful
  That all things doth embrace,
Shall every passion sweetly lull
  And clothe thee in her grace.

Lie open, Soul! The great and wise
  About thy portal throng;
The wealth of souls before thee lies,
  Their gifts to thee belong.

Lie open, Soul! In watchfulness
  Each brighter glory win;
The Infinite thy peace shall bless,
  And God shall enter in.

Herbert New.

HERBERT NEW (b. 1820, d. 1893), a prominent Unitarian layman, a solicitor by profession, who lived at Evesham. He was President of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association 1877-78. Mr. New was greatly interested in the history of the old English Presbyterian Churches which gradually passed from a mild orthodoxy to a vigorous Unitarianism.

GOD IN HISTORY

The hour cometh and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth.—John iv. 23.

Tune No. 81 Bristol.

O THOU to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue!

Not now on Zion's height alone
The favoured worshipper may dwell,
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

From every place below the skies
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

To thee shall age, with snowy hair,
And strength and beauty bend the knee,
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to thee.

O thou to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of prophet bards was strung,
To thee, at last, in every clime,
Shall temples rise and praise be sung!

J. Pierpont.

JOHN PIERPONT (b. 1785, d. 1866) was reared in orthodoxy, but became a Unitarian minister in 1819. He took an enthusiastic part in organizing the American Unitarian Association. He prepared a noteworthy series of National Readers for Schools. The monument erected to his memory in Mount Auburn Cemetery bears the inscription: 'Poet, Patriot, Preacher, Philosopher, Philanthropist, Pierpont.' This hymn was written for the opening of the Unitarian Church at Salem, in 1824.

Therefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us.—Hebrews xii. 1.

Tune No. 113 *Bristol.*

LIFE of Ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flowing in the prophet's word,
And the people's liberty!

Never was to chosen race
That unstinted tide confined;
Thine is every time and place,
Fountain sweet of heart and mind:

Breathing in the thinker's creed,
Pulsing in the hero's blood,
Nerving simplest thought and deed,
Freshening time with truth and good;

Consecrating art and song,
Holy book and pilgrim track,
Hurling floods of tyrant wrong
From the sacred limits back!

Life of Ages richly poured,
Love of God unspent and free,
Flow still in the prophet's word,
And the people's liberty!

S. Johnson.

SAMUEL JOHNSON (b. 1822, d. 1882), son of a physician, studied at Harvard, and became a Unitarian minister of a radical and progressive type. Natural and universal religion engrossed his deepest thought. He made a scholarly study of 'Oriental Religions.' 'Hymns of the Spirit,' which was compiled by Samuel Longfellow and himself in 1864, is a noble collection.

But go thou thy way till the end be; for thou shalt rest, and shalt stand in thy lot, at the end of the days.—Daniel xii. 13.

Tune No. 760 Bristol.

THE God, that to the fathers
  Revealed his holy will,
Has not the world forsaken;
  He's with the children still.
Then envy not the twilight
  That glimmered on their way;
Look up and see the dawning
  That broadens into day.

'Twas but far off in vision
  The fathers' eyes could see
The glory of the kingdom—
  The better time to be.
To-day we see fulfilling
  The dreams they dreamt of old;
While nearer, ever nearer,
  Rolls on the age of gold.

Where once were walled divisions
  Built up of form and creed,
Now blossom fragrant flowers
  Of loving thought and deed,
With trust in God's free spirit—
  The ever-broadening ray
Of truth, that shines to guide us
  Along our forward way.—*M. J. Savage.*

MINOT JUDSON SAVAGE (b. 1841, d. 1918) was for several years a leading Unitarian minister in Boston and in New York. His volumes of sermons on the theological and religious implications of the theory of Evolution had a large and widespread circulation. One of his best known books in England is 'The Passing and the Permanent in Religion.' He was the author of several hymns.

THE FATHERHOOD OF GOD

To them that love God all things work together for good.—Romans viii. 28.

Tune No. 382 Bristol.

FATHER, to thy kind love we owe
All that is fair and good below;
Bestower of the health that lies
On tearless cheeks and cheerful eyes!

Giver of sunshine and of rain;
Ripener of fruits on hill and plain;
Fountain of light, that rayed afar,
Fills the vast urns of sun and star!

Yet deem we not that thus alone
Thy mercy and thy love are shown;
For we have learned, with higher praise
And holier names, to speak thy ways.

In woe's dark hour, our kindest stay;
Sole trust when life shall pass away;
Teacher of hopes that light the gloom
Of death, and consecrate the tomb!

Patient with headstrong guilt to bear,
Slow to avenge, and kind to spare:
Listening to prayer, and reconciled
Full quickly to thy erring child.

W. C. Bryant.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (b. 1794, d. 1878), the son of a distinguished medical practitioner, was born in Cummington, Mass. He ranks among the great poets of America. As journalist and lecturer he influenced a wide circle. In 1878, shortly before his death, he delivered an eloquent address at the unveiling of a bust of Mazzini in New York. He was a lifelong Unitarian, regular in his attendance at public worship to the last month of his life. This hymn was written for a collection made in 1820 for use in the Unitarian Church in New York.

He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul.—Psalm xxiii. 2, 3.

Tune No. 24 S.S.A.

LEAD us, heavenly Father,
Lead us Shepherd kind;
We are only children,
Weak, and young, and blind.
All the way before us
Thou alone dost know;
O lead us, heavenly Father,
Singing as we go.

Lead us, heavenly Father,
As the way grows long;
Be our strong salvation,
Be our joyous song;
Gladdened by thy mercies,
Chastened by thy rod,
Oh, may we walk through all things
Humbly with our God!

Lead us, heavenly Father,
By thy voices clear,
Through the prophets holy,
Through the Teacher dear—
He who took the children
In his arms of love—
Oh, may we all be gathered
In his home above!

Brooke Herford.

BROOKE HERFORD (b. 1830, d. 1903), an eminent Unitarian minister who lived and worked in England and in America. He was a stimulating preacher, a practical organizer, and a generous, warm-hearted friend. His 'Story of Religion in England' is a valuable and delightful book; and his volume of sermons 'Courage and Cheer' admirably reflects his mind and character.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, cannot love God whom he hath not seen. —1 John iv. 20.

Tune No. 801 Bristol.

WHEN thy heart, with joy o'erflowing,
Sings a thankful prayer,
In thy joy, O let thy brother
With thee share.

When the harvest-sheaves ingathered
Fill thy barns with store,
To thy God and to thy brother
Give the more.

If thy soul, with power uplifted,
Yearn for glorious deed,
Give thy strength to serve thy brother
In his need.

Hast thou borne a secret sorrow
In thy lonely breast ?
Take to thee thy sorrowing brother
For a guest.

Share with him thy bread of blessing,
Sorrow's burden share ;
When thy heart enfolds a brother,
God is there.

T. C. Williams.

THEODORE CHICKERING WILLIAMS (b. 1855, d. 1915) was educated at Harvard and the Divinity School, Cambridge, Mass. He was minister of the Unitarian Church, Winchester, Mass., and of All Souls' Church, New York, and afterwards head master of the Hackley School, U.S.A. This hymn was written in 1891. See also the beautiful hymn: 'When the world around us throws.'

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God.—Micah vi. 8.

Tune No. 547 Bristol.

OUR fathers' faith, we'll sing of thee,
Dear faith, which still we cherish:
Nor may their children's children see
That faith decay and perish:

'Tis faith in God, 'tis faith in man,
'Tis faith in truth and beauty,
In freedom's might, and reason's right,
And all-controlling duty.

We may not think our fathers' thought;
Their creeds our lips may alter;
But in the faith they dearly bought,
Our hearts shall never falter.

Oh, may that faith our hearts inspire
To earnest thought and labour;
That we may share its heavenly fire
With every friend and neighbour:—

This faith in God, and faith in man,
This faith in truth and beauty,
In freedom's might, and reason's right,
And all-controlling duty!

J. W. Chadwick.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK (b. 1840, d. 1904) graduated at the Harvard Divinity School in 1868, and was minister of the Second Unitarian Church in Brooklyn, New York. He was a vigorous thinker, and possessed a wide knowledge of literature. His biographies, sermons, and hymns are characterized by careful and studious work, and pervaded by a pure and lofty religious spirit.

I am the way, and the truth, and the life.—John xiv. 6.

Tune No. 624 *Bristol.*

O THOU great Friend to all the sons of men
Who once appeared in humblest guise below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
And call thy brethren forth from want and woe—

We look to thee: thy Truth is still the Light
Which guides the nations groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

Yes, thou art still the Life; thou art the Way
The holiest know—Light, Life, and Way of heaven;
And they who dearest hope and deepest pray,
Toil by the Light, Life, Way, which thou hast given.

T. Parker.

THEODORE PARKER (b. 1810, d. 1860), one of the great names in the history of Unitarianism in America, was a student at Harvard; minister at West Roxbury; afterwards at the Boston Music Hall, which became the scene of his chief labours. He was 'the prophet of the moral self, the emancipator, setting man free from traditionalism and convention, and bringing him face to face with God manifest in the world without, abiding in the soul within.' 'He was,' says Mr. Chadwick, 'a believing and rejoicing soul.' He was a fearless preacher of truth and righteousness.

And the common people heard him gladly.—Mark xii. 37.

Tune No. 815 *Bristol.*

AMID the din of earthly strife,
Amid the busy crowd,
The whispers of eternal life
Are lost in clamours loud;
When, lo! I find a healing balm;
The world grows dim to me;
My spirit rests in sudden calm
With Christ in Galilee!

I linger near him in the throng,
And listen to his voice;
I feel my weary soul grow strong,
My saddened heart rejoice.
Amid the storms that darkly frown
I hear his whisper sweet,
And lay my heavy burden down
At his belovèd feet.

My vision swiftly fades away,
The world is round me still;
But Jesus seems with me to stay,
His promise to fulfil.
And toil and duty sweeter seem
While he abides with me;
My heart is rested by my dream
Of Christ in Galilee!

H. W. Hawkes.

HENRY WARBURTON HAWKES (b. 1843, d. 1917), Unitarian minister and missionary in Liverpool and district; author of 'Simple Talks about Religion,' 'The Man of Nazareth,' Plays for Young Children, and several Hymns. During a period of ill-health he went abroad, when for a time he assisted the American Unitarian Mission in Japan.

If any man would come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.—Mark viii. 34.

Tune No. 201 *Bristol.*

IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo, it glows with peace and joy!

When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

J. Bowring.

SIR JOHN BOWRING (b. 1792, d. 1872) was distinguished as a linguist, a journalist, and a politician. Dr. Lant Carpenter was the guide of his early youth; Jeremy Bentham the admiration of his riper years. He was an ardent Unitarian, and was President of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association 1860-61. His hymns are well known in churches of all denominations: this hymn has found its way into the hymnals of every Christian church and sect.

SIN AND CHASTENING

It is God which worketh in you both to will and to work for his good pleasure.—Phil. ii. 13.

Tune No. 500 *Bristol.*

WHEN the world around us throws
All its proud, deceiving shows,
Yet the heart no danger knows,
Help us, Lord most holy!

When like sheep we go astray,
When we cast thy gifts away,
When we only seem to pray,
Help us, Lord most holy!

By the joys that look above,
By the pains our faith to prove,
By the conquering power of love,
Help us, Lord most holy!

To our sinful selves to die,
Bad desires to crucify,
And to set our hearts on high,
Help us, Lord most holy!

Thus to do thy will below,
Daily in thy grace to grow,
More and more thy love to know,
Help us, Lord most holy!

T. C. Williams.

THEODORE CHICKERING WILLIAMS (b. 1855, d. 1915) was educated at Harvard and the Divinity School, Cambridge, Mass. He was minister of the Unitarian Church, Winchester, Mass., and of All Souls' Church, New York, and afterwards head master of the Hackley School, U.S.A. See also the beautiful hymn: 'When thy heart, with joy o'erflowing.'

SIN AND CHASTENING

All chastening seemeth for the present to be not joyous, but grievous; yet afterward it yieldeth peaceable fruit unto them that have been exercised thereby, even the fruit of righteousness.—Hebrews xii. 11.

Tune No. 402 Bristol.

O LOVE divine, that stoop'st to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On thee we cast each earth-born care;
We smile at pain while thou art near.

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering 'Thou art near.'

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us thou art near.

On thee we cast our burdening woe,
O Love divine, for ever dear!
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living or dying, thou art near.

O. W. Holmes.

Oliver Wendell Holmes (b. 1809, d. 1894) was the son of the Rev. Abiel Holmes, Unitarian minister at Cambridge, Mass. He was educated at Harvard, studied law, then medicine, and was appointed Professor of Anatomy. This hymn was published in 'The Professor at the Breakfast Table' in 1859, with the title 'A Hymn of Trust.' Humorist, novelist, essayist, poet, 'he heartily believed in human happiness, and he did much to make it more abound.' He was a regular worshipper at King's Chapel (Unitarian), Boston.

SIN AND CHASTENING

Our light affliction, which is for the moment, worketh for us more and more exceedingly an eternal weight of glory.—2 Cor. iv. 17.

Tune No. 381 *Bristol.*

MY God, I thank thee! may no thought
E'er deem thy chastisements severe;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

Thy mercy bids all nature bloom;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay:
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.

Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

Thy various messengers employ,
Thy purposes of love fulfil;
And, mid the wreck of human joy,
Let kneeling faith adore thy will.

A. Norton.

ANDREWS NORTON (b. 1786, d. 1853) had a distinguished career as a student, and afterwards as a lecturer and professor, at Harvard. His 'Statement of Reasons for not believing the Doctrines of Trinitarians,' published in 1833, attracted attention. His fame as a scholar rests on his volumes dealing with the 'Genuineness of the Gospels.' This hymn was published in 1809. Another hymn, written in 1833, for the dedication of the Meeting House at Cambridge, Mass., contains this verse:

All space is holy, for all space
Is filled by thee; but human thought
Burns clearer in some chosen place,
Where thine own words of love are taught.

LIFE AND DUTY

Be not weary in well-doing.—2 Thess. iii. 13.

Tune No. 550 *Bristol.*

TELL me not in mournful numbers,
'Life is but an empty dream!'
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us further than to-day.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time:—

Footprints, that perhaps another
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

H. W. Longfellow.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (b. 1807, d. 1882), America's best known poet, possessed great charm of character; he was beloved alike by children and grown men and women. Kindness was the keynote of his character. He found revelations of God everywhere in nature and humanity. Longfellow was a lifelong Unitarian.

LIFE AND DUTY

Put on the whole armour of God.—Eph. vi. 11.

Tune No. 5 Bristol.

ARM, soldiers of the Lord!
The fight is set with wrong;
Take shield and breastplate, helm and sword,
And sing your battle song.

Stand fast for Love, your Lord,
Faith be your mighty shield,
And let the spirit's burning sword
Flash foremost in the field.

Truth be your girdle strong;
And Hope your helmet shine
Whene'er the battle seems too long,
And wearied hearts repine.

With news of gospel Peace
Let your swift feet be shod;
Your breastplate be the Righteousness
That keeps the heart for God.

And for the weary day,
And for the slothful arm,
For wounds, defeat, distress, dismay,
Take Prayer, the heavenly charm.

'From strength to strength,' your cry;
Your battlefield the world;
Strike home, and press where Christ your Lord
His banner has unfurled.

S. A. Brooke.

STOPFORD AUGUSTUS BROOKE (b. 1832, d. 1916), preacher, author, and literary critic, held a prominent position in the Church of England and was appointed Chaplain to Queen Victoria in 1872. In 1880 he left the Anglican Church because he no longer believed its Creeds. He preached in Unitarian Churches in many of the chief towns of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD

On earth peace.—Luke ii. 14.

Tune No. 813 Bristol.

IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending o'er the earth
To touch their harps of gold :—
'Peace to the earth, goodwill to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King!'
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled ;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world.
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend, on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessèd angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long ;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong ;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring ;
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When, with the ever-circling years,
Comes round the age of gold ;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing!

E. H. Sears.

EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS (b. 1810, d. 1876), Unitarian minister at Weston, found the secret of his power in 'the holy ministries of solitude and silence.'

THE KINGDOM OF GOD

Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in heaven, so on earth.—Matthew vi. 10.

Tune No. 411 Bristol.

FATHER, let thy kingdom come,
Let it come with living power;
Speak at length the final word,
Usher in the triumph hour.

As it came in days of old
In the deepest hearts of men,
When thy martyrs died for thee,
Let it come, O God, again.

Tyrant thrones and idol shrines,
Let them from their place be hurled;
Enter on thy better reign,
Wear the crown of this poor world.

Oh, what long, sad years have gone
Since thy Church was taught this prayer!
Oh, what eyes have watched and wept
For the dawning everywhere!

Break, triumphant day of God,
Break at last, our hearts to cheer!
Throbbing souls and holy songs
Wait to hail thy dawning here.

Empires, temples, sceptres, thrones—
May they all for God be won;
And by every living soul,
Father, let thy will be done!

J. P. Hopps

JOHN PAGE HOPPS (b. 1834, d. 1911) was in his day one of the most popular Unitarian preachers in England. He had the gift of simple, effective speech; his published sermons, hymns, and addresses were widely read; and his tracts on Unitarian Christianity have been circulated in thousands all over the world.

WORSHIP

Tune No. 428 Bristol.

NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.—*S. F. Adams.*

SARAH FULLER ADAMS (b. 1805, d. 1848). This hymn was written for South Place Unitarian Chapel, Finsbury, which she attended.

WORSHIP

Here am I; send me.—Isaiah vi. 8.

Tune No. 100 *Bristol.*

THOU Lord of Hosts, whose guiding hand
Has brought us here before thy face,
Our spirits wait for thy command,
Our silent hearts implore thy peace.

Our spirits lay their noblest powers
As offerings, on thy holy shrine;
Thine was the strength that nourished ours;
The soldiers of the Cross are thine.

While watching on our arms at night,
We saw thine angels round us move;
We heard thy call, we felt thy light,
And followed, trusting to thy love.

And now, with hymn and prayer, we stand
To give our strength to thee, great God!
We would redeem thy holy land,
That land which sin so long has trod.

Send us where'er thou wilt, O Lord,
Through rugged toil and wearying fight;
Thy conquering love shall be our sword,
And faith in thee our truest might.

Send down thy constant aid, we pray,
Be thy pure angels with us still;
Thy truth, be that our firmest stay;
Our only rest, to do thy will.

O. B. Frothingham.

OCTAVIUS BROOKS FROTHINGHAM (b. 1822, d. 1895), son of Rev. N. L. Frothingham, studied at Harvard, where he had Samuel Longfellow, T. W. Higginson, and Samuel Johnson as fellow students. He rebelled against the more conservative tendencies of Unitarians in his time, and formed an Independent Liberal Church in New York, where his eloquence and power attracted large congregations, including leading reformers and thinkers. This hymn was written in 1846.

WORSHIP

Tune No. 368 Bristol.

WE love the venerable house
Our fathers built to God;
In heaven are kept their grateful vows,
Their dust endears the sod.

Here holy thoughts a light have shed
From many a radiant face,
And prayers of tender hope have spread
A perfume through the place.

And anxious hearts have pondered here
The mystery of life,
And prayed the Eternal Light to clear
Their doubts, and aid their strife.

From humble tenements around
Came up the pensive train,
And in the church a blessing found,
That filled their homes again.

For faith, and peace, and mighty love,
That from the Godhead flow,
Showed them the life of heaven above
Springs from the life below.

They live with God, their homes are dust;
Yet here their children pray,
And in this fleeting lifetime trust
To find the narrow way.

R. W. Emerson.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (b. 1803, d. 1882), probably the best known name in American literature, was the son of the Rev. William Emerson, minister of the First Unitarian Church, Boston. He studied at Harvard; and for a brief period he was minister of the Second Unitarian Church in Boston. He devoted himself to lecturing and writing; and his Essays are known everywhere. He resided at Concord, honoured and beloved by a large circle of friends. He attended the Unitarian Church there.

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.—Psalm xix. 2.

Tune No. 128 Bristol.

SOFTLY the silent night
  Falleth from God,
On weary wanderers
  Over life's road;
And as the stars on high
Light up the darkening sky,
Lord, unto thee we cry—
  Father above!

Slowly on failing wing
  Daylight has passed;
Sleep, like an angel kind,
  Folds us at last.
Peace be our lot this night,
Safe be our slumber light,
Watched by thy angels bright,
  Father above!

And when the gleam of morn
  Touches our eyes,
And the returning day
  Bids us arise—
Happy beneath thy will,
Steadfast in joy or ill,
Lord, may we serve thee still,
  Father above!

A. N. Blatchford.

AMBROSE NICHOLS BLATCHFORD (b. 1842) was educated for the Unitarian ministry at Manchester New College. He settled at Lewin's Mead Chapel, Bristol, in 1866, first as assistant, afterwards as sole minister, where he remained until his retirement in 1915. He is the author of 'Church Councils and their Decrees,' 'Landmarks in Religious History,' and a little volume of his hymns and poems.

And the city hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine upon it; for the glory of God did lighten it.—Revelation xxi. 23.

Tune No. 361 Bristol.

CITY of God, how broad and far
Outspread thy walls sublime!
The true thy chartered freemen are,
Of every age and clime.

One holy church, one army strong,
One steadfast high intent;
One faith and work, one harvest song,
One King Omnipotent!

How purely hath thy speech come down
From man's primeval youth;
How grandly hath thine empire grown
Of Freedom, Love, and Truth!

How gleam thy watch-fires through the night
With never-fainting ray;
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day!

In vain the surges' angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands;
Unharmed, upon the Eternal Rock,
The Eternal City stands.

S. Johnson.

SAMUEL JOHNSON (b. 1822, d. 1882), son of a physician, studied at Harvard, and became a Unitarian minister of a radical and progressive type. Natural and universal religion engrossed his deepest thought. He made a scholarly study of 'Oriental Religions.' 'Hymns of the Spirit,' which was compiled by Samuel Longfellow and himself in 1864, is a noble collection of hymns.

And the gates thereof shall in no wise be shut by day (for there shall be no night there); and they shall bring the glory and the honour of the nations into it.—Revelation xxi. 25, 26.

Tune No. 374 Bristol.

ONE holy Church of God appears
Through every age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
Unchanged by changing place.

From oldest time, on farthest shores,
Beneath the pine or palm,
One Unseen Presence she adores,
With silence or with psalm.

Her priests are all God's faithful sons,
To serve the world raised up;
The pure in heart her baptized ones,
Love, her communion-cup.

The truth is her prophetic gift,
The soul her sacred page,
And feet on mercy's errand swift
Do make her pilgrimage.

O living Church, thine errand speed;
Fulfil thy task sublime;
With bread of life earth's hunger feed;
Redeem the evil time!—*S. Longfellow.*

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW (b. 1819, d. 1892), younger brother of the great American poet, studied at Harvard, where he had as classmate Edward Everett Hale. He was an admirer and friend of Theodore Parker. His Unitarian ministry was marked by 'a profound spirituality, interest in children and young people, sympathy with the sorrowing, straightforwardness in dealing with great national sins.' His definition of a church was 'a society of men, women, and children associated together by a religious spirit for a religious work.'

He made of one every nation of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, having determined their appointed seasons, and the bounds of their habitation.—Acts xvii. 26.

Tune No. 352 Bristol.

COME, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love!
Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.

Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst
That never pains again.

Come, kingdom of our God,
And make the broad earth thine!
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.

Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.

Come, kingdom of our God!
And raise thy glorious throne
In worlds by the undying trod,
Where God shall bless his own.

J. Johns.

JOHN JOHNS (b. 1801, d. 1847) was a devoted Unitarian missionary among the poor in the slums of Liverpool. In visiting a fever-stricken family, he fell a victim to the disease and died a hero's death. This hymn of the Church Universal has long been a favourite one among Unitarians.

THE IMMORTAL LIFE

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me.—Psalm xxiii. 4.

Tune No. 375 Bristol.

I CANNOT think of them as dead
  Who walk with me no more:
Along the path of life I tread
  They have but gone before.

The Father's house is mansioned fair
  Beyond my vision dim;
All souls are his and, here or there,
  Are living unto him.

And still their silent ministry
  Within my heart hath place,
As when on earth they walked with me,
  And met me face to face.

Their lives are made for ever mine;
  What they to me have been
Hath left henceforth its seal and sign
  Engraven deep within.

Mine are they by an ownership
  Nor time nor death can free;
For God hath given to Love to keep
  Its own eternally.

F. L. Hosmer.

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER (b. 1840) was educated at Harvard and the Divinity School, Cambridge, Mass. He has been the minister of Unitarian churches in Cleveland, St. Louis, and Berkeley, U.S.A. He has written a great many noble and beautiful hymns, which give expression to the principles and religious faith of Unitarians; and of that universal church of the good and true of all ages and lands to which Unitarians have always owed allegiance.

THE IMMORTAL LIFE

For I am persuaded that neither death nor life shall be able to separate us from the love of God.—Romans viii. 38, 39.

Tune No. 535 Bristol.

IT singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all—
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call;
They throng the silence of the breast,
We see them as of yore—
The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up,
When these have laid it down:
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown.
But oh, 'tis good to think of them,
When we are troubled sore!
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Though they are here no more!

More homelike seems the vast Unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare;
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, thy love abides,
Our God, for evermore.

J. W. Chadwick.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK (b. 1840, d. 1904) graduated at the Harvard Divinity School in 1868, and was minister of the Second Unitarian Church in Brooklyn, New York. He was a vigorous thinker, and possessed a wide knowledge of literature. His biographies, sermons, and hymns are characterized by careful and studious work, and pervaded by a pure and lofty religious spirit.

I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith.—2 Timothy iv. 7.

Tune No. 115 Bristol.

CALMLY, calmly lay him down!
He hath fought the noble fight;
He hath battled for the right;
He hath won the unfading crown.

Memories, all too bright for tears,
Crowd around us from the past,
Faithful toiled he to the last—
Faithful through unflagging years.

All that makes for human good,
Freedom, righteousness, and truth,
Objects of aspiring youth,
Firm to age he still pursued.

Kind and gentle was his soul,
Yet it glowed with glorious might;
Filling clouded minds with light,
Making wounded spirits whole.

Hoping, trusting, lay him down!
Many in the realms above
Look for him with eyes of love,
Weaving his immortal crown!

W. Gaskell.

WILLIAM GASKELL (b. 1805, d. 1884) was a leading Unitarian minister in Manchester, Professor of English Literature at Owens College, Principal of the Unitarian Home Missionary College, Manchester, husband of the famous English novelist, Mrs. Gaskell. He was greatly beloved by the people of Lancashire, to whom he was deeply attached.

THE IMMORTAL LIFE

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.—Psalm xc. 1.

Tune No. 897 Bristol.

BRING, O morn, thy music! Bring, O night, thy silence!
Oceans, laugh the rapture to the storm-winds coursing free!
Suns and planets chorus—'Thou art our Creator,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!'
Life and death, thy creatures, praise thee, mighty Giver!
Praise and prayer are rising in thy beast and bird and tree:
Lo! they praise and vanish, vanish at thy bidding—
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Light us! lead us! love us! cry thy groping nations,
Pleading in the thousand tongues, but naming only thee,
Weaving blindly out thy holy, happy purpose—
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Life nor death can part us, O thou Love Eternal,
Shepherd of the wandering star and souls that wayward flee;
Homeward draws the spirit to thy Spirit yearning—
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

W. C. Gannett.

WILLIAM CHANNING GANNETT (b. 1840) has written essays and hymns which combine the freest thinking with the deepest reverence. His book on 'The Childhood of Jesus' is well known in England. He is the author of 'Francis Dávid: Founder and Martyr of Unitarianism in Hungary.'

Unitarian Beliefs

COMMONLY ACCEPTED

1. Believing that freedom of thought and word leads to truth, we prescribe no creed for ministers or laymen, and welcome to our fellowship all who would extend righteousness, love, and trust in God.

2. We hold reason and conscience to be final authorities in matters of religious belief.

3. We believe that loving the good and doing our best is the only life-purpose worth following.

4. We believe in the supremacy of good. Beyond our power to know or understand, we trust the Eternal Goodness. This to us is the faith that makes faithful.

5. We honour the Bible and all inspiring scripture, old or new, and believe in the never-ceasing revelation of God to man in all lands and ages.

6. We revere Jesus as the greatest of the prophets of religion, and in his spirit unite for the worship of God and the service of man.

7. We trust the unfolding universe as beautiful, beneficent, unchanging order; to know this order is truth; to obey it is right and liberty and more abundant life.

8. We believe that good and evil inevitably carry their own recompense, no good thing being failure, and no evil thing success; that heaven and hell are states of being; that no evil can befall the good man in either life or death; that all things work together for the victory of good.

9. WE believe that man is in the making. From his animal beginning he has steadily developed, morally and spiritually. Apparently he has never had a fall. He is still beset by tendencies that hold him back, but it is within his power, through determined purpose, to reach true manhood.

10. WE believe that we ought to join hands and work to make the good things better and the worst good, counting nothing good for self that is not good for all; that we may now and here help to establish the divine commonwealth of love and peace on earth. The office of the church is to inspire, strengthen, and uplift man.

11. WE believe that self-forgetting, loyal life awakes in man a sense of union with things eternal which is an earnest of the life to come.

12. WE worship One-in-All: that Life whence suns and stars derive their orbits and the soul of man its *ought*—that Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world, giving us power to become the sons of God—that Love with whom our souls commune. This One we name—the Eternal God, our Father.

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For like a child, sent with a fluttering light,
To feel his way along a gusty night,
Man walks the world: again, and yet again,
The lamp shall be by fits of passion slain;
But shall not He who sent him from the door
Relight the lamp once more, and yet once more!

Edward Fitzgerald.

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